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## THE ATTACK ON LEE'S MILLS.

ACROSS THE RIVER, INTO THE RIFLE-PITS.

A Gallant Affair—How the Vermonters Crossed the Dam, A Touching Incident—Death of Private Scott.  
"God Bless President Lincoln."

By P. D. H.—For THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

Having read with much interest the article "In Front of Yorktown," published in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of August 27th, I send the following as my remembrance of the fight near Lee's Mills on the 16th of April, 1862, referred to therein:

I was an eye-witness to the engagement, which took place on the farm of Mrs. Garrow, whose house had been burned by order of General Magruder. The chimneys at each end of the building were still standing.

The Warwick River ran through this farm, and its right bank was occupied and fortified by the rebels. Just in front of their works they had dammed the river with a breast, say four or five feet wide and twenty-five or thirty yards long. This breast was the only means of crossing the river dry-shod, and it was enfiladed by a gun mounted in the angle of a small fort or redoubt. Between this redoubt and the river were at least two lines of rifle-pits. The water above the dam-breast was in some places five feet deep. Below it, where the shallow water spread over much ground, excavations had been dug—pit-falls, I might properly term them,—so that men attempting to cross there while walking or running in the shoal places would suddenly plump into one of these holes and go clear out of sight.

After a vigorous shelling of the rebel works by Mott's battery, four companies of the Third Vermont charged gallantly across the dam under cover of twenty pieces of light artillery, under command of Captain (now General) Ayres, who was the senior artillery officer present. The infantry commenced to fall soon after entering the water, but advanced bravely through a perfect shower of minie balls and grape and canister until they had gained a footing on dry land. They succeeded in driving the Fifteenth North Carolina and the Sixteenth Georgia regiments from the rifle-pits, but as the rebels were soon reinforced by the Seventh and Eighth Georgia and part of the Second Louisiana regiments, our Spartan band was compelled to retire, after gallantly holding its position for nearly or quite an hour AGAINST FIVE TIMES THEIR NUMBER.

During this time, however, four or five companies of the Sixth and about an equal number of the Fourth Vermont had been sent to their assistance, but the original force of the rebels had been much increased, and their artillery and infantry had opened such a terrible cross-fire on our brave Green Mountain boys, that they were compelled to retire, bringing with them many of the wounded.

It is too late, I suppose, to find fault, but it has always seemed strange to me why the First and Third brigades were not ordered across. They were there in line of battle ready and willing.

In connection with this fight I would mention that among the killed on that day was Private William Scott, Co. K., Third Vermont Volunteers, whose fate made a deep impression, not only upon the mind of his immediate comrades, but of all others throughout the army who chanced to hear his sad story told. The following are the facts of his case as now remembered, after the lapse of twenty years: Shortly after the Union army sat down before Yorktown, young Scott, a mere boy, had been found sleeping upon his post. For this violation of the Articles of War he was tried by court-martial and condemned to be shot. His case attracted considerable attention, as it was the first of its kind which had arisen, and the commanding general was disposed to make an example of the unfortunate soldier, that others might be deterred from committing a similar offense. There were some mitigating circumstances to be found,—chiefly in his extreme youth, and the fact of his having been on guard the night previous, or at least it was so understood,—and these were made known to Mr. Lincoln.

Scott's mother, too, is reported to have made a personal appeal to the President for the life of her son. The result was that a pardon was granted, and reached camp just barely in time to save him from undergoing the sentence of the court.

Young Scott was completely overcome by the glad news, and expressed his gratitude to the friends who had advocated his cause, and especially to Mr. Lincoln, who had stretched out the pardoning power so graciously in his behalf. Not long afterwards—only a few days—came the attack on Lee's Mills described above. Scott, with his comrades of the Third Vermont, was one of the first to cross the fatal dam, and among these was a close up to the enemy. It was reported that he spoke only once after being shot, and then he simply said:

"GOD BLESS PRESIDENT LINCOLN," nothing more; but what a volume of meaning in the short prayer thus uttered in the agonies of death! "God bless President Lincoln" were the only words uttered, but had it been vouchsafed him to speak further, Scott would have doubtless added "for he has saved me from shame, and permitted me to die the honorable and glorious death of a soldier facing the foe."

I was present a few days after the battle, when General Levy, of the Confederate army, came across the dam-breast under a flag of truce, and

requested permission to carry to us our dead, as they were very offensive, and it was impossible to bring them while our sharpshooters kept such vigilant watch on the fort and rifle-pits where they lay.

The request was complied with, and fence-rails were brought into requisition as stretchers. The rebels would not permit our men to go across, but brought over to us thirty-one or thirty-two of our dead. Among these was Scott, and although the corpses were so black as almost to defy recognition, the boys identified him, and cut off as mementoes, first his buttons, and then locks of his hair. The bodies were loaded on army wagons, and taken off for burial.

This engagement, though of comparative insignificance, was really a bold and daring affair, and reflects great credit on the gallant Vermonters who were engaged therein.

### AN ANCIENT ARTILLERY COMPANY.

Major Asa Bird Gardner, J. A., U. S. Army, has written to Colonel Corbin giving an interesting history of Battery F, Fourth Artillery, Captain and Brevet Major J. B. Campbell, and repeating his previous recommendation that this battery be ordered to fire the national salute on the ground at Yorktown. This battery, it appears, was organized by the New York Provincial Convention, January 6, 1776, and Alexander Hamilton appointed its first captain, March 14. It served with distinguished credit in the battles of Long Island and White Plains, and in the retreat through the Jerseys formed part of the rear-guard, and had a sharp artillery duel across the Raritan River at New Brunswick with the advance division of the British, then under Earl Cornwallis. It was subsequently at Trenton and Princeton, and in January, 1777, went into winter quarters at Morristown, N. J. The conduct of this company had particularly attracted General Washington's attention, and on the 1st of March, 1777, he promoted Captain Hamilton to be lieutenant-colonel and A. D. C. on his staff, then a distinct office. Lieutenant John Doughty was then promoted to be captain and subsequently major by brevet, and the company transferred to the Continental establishment and assigned to the Second regiment, Colonel John Lamb. The company was subsequently through all the movements of the "main" army under General Washington, and at Brandywine, Germantown, Valley Forge (in camp), Monmouth, Springfield, and siege of Yorktown. When the rest of the Continental Army was discharged it was specially and alone retained in service at West Point, under Major J. Doughty, who, when other companies of artillery were raised, was on the 20th of October, 1786, promoted to be major of the artillery battalion, and First Lieutenant Bradford became its captain. Bradford was killed in St. Clair's defeat in 1799. Since then the company has on three separate occasions been subjected to incorporation. Nevertheless it has continued a living unit of artillery organization, and has preserved its continuity for 105 years, and is much the oldest organization in the Army, and the only one of Revolutionary origin.

### GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

Captain Howgate's bondsmen are making anxious inquiries for him in all directions, and will doubtless surrender him to the authorities as soon as they can secure his arrest. Captain Howgate left here the next day after his release on bail, on the pretext that he had urgent private interests requiring his attention in New York, and said that he would return within a day or two. Since then his bondsmen have heard nothing of him. What makes the matter worse for the latter is that, through the negligence of Howgate's attorney, an indemnity bond executed by the accused officer was not recorded until after the Government had attached his real and personal property in the civil suit brought against him, so that the bondsmen, in the event of Howgate's escape, will have to lose \$40,000 for which they hold themselves liable in the event of his failure to appear to answer the criminal charge. Howgate is supposed to have gone to Canada, to interview Vennor, probably.

### EXPERIMENTS IN ARTILLERY FIRING.

Ordnance Notes No. 164, now in preparation, will contain the report of First Lieutenant E. L. Zalinski, Fifth United States Artillery, of his experiences at Creedmore and at the National Armory at Springfield, Mass., in perfecting his method for determining wind allowances. The deductions which Lieutenant Zalinski makes from his experiments in this direction are about as follows:

The firing has been improved immensely, both as to direction and range. At Fort Monroe, where practice was had with heavy guns, the number of targets destroyed exemplify this. The range used was about 3,000 yards. Heretofore the target used was ten inch square, kept afloat by an anchored raft of barrels. To hit and destroy one of these targets in a whole season was considered remarkable. But this year, to fully exemplify the new method, upon a raft bearing a simple scantling, a flag was nailed, making the target a barely visible point. The second shot destroyed it, and within two days two other similar targets were hit and destroyed. This was by direct hits, not by shells. The firing was with eight-inch converted rifles, hundred-pound Parrotts, and fifteen-inch and ten-inch smooth bores; with each, the target was hit.

## PETERSBURG REVISITED.

AN IRISHMAN'S IDEA OF THE "CRATER."

Fort Steadman, Haskell, and Sedgwick—How they appear To-day—The Explosion of the Mine, Hatcher's Run and Five Forks.

G. M., in Philadelphia Times.

America's Sebastopol, which I make bold to call this place of prolonged siege, seems to me to be a sort of Richmond on a small scale. The streets and stores of this pretty little city on the Appomattox are much like those of the proud beauty on the James; the nooks and crannies of the one suggest those of the other, and there is that in the air here whereby the stranger recognizes the Virginia capital in miniature. In Richmond, however, there may be felt the snap and dash of a lively new South, while at this ancient point of trade there is a hint of Dixie, not altogether unadulterated, but still pleasantly suggestive of the land of "cinnamon seed and sandy bottom." Though the town is surrounded by the ruins of numerous forts, and though many of the people served in the trenches, I find them averse to talking about the siege. Furthermore, those of whom I asked questions apparently fail to appreciate what a big thing they have in the matter of battle-fields. Very likely it is because they have them at their doors, and it is the old story of the weather prophet who is not without success save in his own country. It wouldn't be at all wonderful if St. Peter had ceased to admire the golden hinges of his big gate, and no doubt the devil fails to appreciate the interesting section over which he presides.

"Where'll I find the Crater?" I asked, coming out from the built-up part of the town and emerging upon Jerusalem plank-road.

"Feth, an' an' thinkin' ye'll be after gettin' yer 'nuff av the crathur beyant there in Jimmy O'Neil's saloon," replied my interlocutor, pointing to a sign whereon "Old Rye," "XX Ale," and things of that kind blazingly figured.

"He don't mean that crater; some other crater," chimed in a small boy; "he means the big Cr-a-t-e-r, where the Yanks bored a hole in old man Griffith's field."

"Och, bejassus, tho' ye was manin' the livin' liquid herself," and as I drove on I left the boy telling the citizen how Burnside had wasted his tons of powder.

Passing along the Jerusalem road for more than a mile I came to a road that branched off into a field of peanut plants. At the side of the gateway was the sign:

TO THE CRATER, 25 CTS. AHEAD.

At the end of the field road, a few hundred yards from the sign, I saw a large, roundish bank of red earth topped by shrubs and small trees. Near by is a two-story frame house in which lives T. R. Griffith, the owner of the farm and the guardian of the historic hole. Mr. Griffith led me up the side of the crater, explaining as he brushed the weeds from the path that for self-protection he was obliged to charge a fee, as otherwise his visitors, after the reckless manner of Sunday sight-seers, would trample down his cotton and kill his corn.

The land within half a mile in every direction is clear of woods, and at this time is chequered by fields of corn, cotton, and peanuts and patches of ground that are fallow. Looking to the north the fields slope downward, and so with the strip to the east, but passing a ravine the slope is upward to the Federal line. To the west and south is rising ground, with the city cemetery on the ridge and the city itself beyond. The crater now looks like an abandoned reservoir, of uneven banks and irregular bottom, overgrown with clumps of briars and bushes. It is one hundred and sixty feet long, sixty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep. The earth is brown, with red blotches, being clay sub-soil. The parapet of the fort remains and serves as the rim and border of the pit. Pine, peach, apple, and althaus trees, together with grapevines, blackberry bushes, and fruitless briars, grow thickly in the hollows, which look as if a herd of wild boars with hundred-horse-power snouts had rooted them out a dozen years ago. Extending from the north-eastern corner of the crater in a straight line down hill to the ravine, two hundred yards away, is a sunken, narrow, ditch-like sink in the earth. This is the surface line of the tunnel dug by Schuykill county soldiers, who had been brought up in mines and who wormed their way from the ravine until they stored thousands of pounds of powder just under this spot. As I sit in the crotch of a peach tree and look at the points of the field, now little changed from the day when it was the scene of a wonderful episode in war, the picture comes vividly up.

It is not yet sunrise, and the defenders are asleep among the traverses and under the guns of the fort.

A MATCH, A TOUCH, A HISSING FUSE, and what a thing of mould and force infernal is now let loose. It is as though a young volcano, held in nature's mystery underground, has burst its bonds. The crust is rent by the up-coming bolt and fire flashes through broken clods of earth that fly to mid-air two hundred feet above. Sand, stones, guns, men, everything within reach of the blast, are blown skyward. A brass piece that weighs a ton is sent whirling over the parapet for a hundred yards. Young Chandler, who an instant before slept beneath the gun, is hurled

so high and so far that his bruised body falls within the Union lines. Men die in the air, never knowing in what unwonted and in what sulphurous guise death has enwrapped itself. Answering to the quake that is felt as far as Richmond and that shakes the steeples at Norfolk, a hundred miles away, come the roll and roar of Grant's artillery. In redan and redoubt Lee's men are benumbed and shrink lest the old mole has toothed his blind path under other forts, and lest instantly now other death-bolts shall start up from the depths. Lee's batteries to the right and left are deserted; the outburst has broken his line, and into it a wedge that may end the war in a week can now be driven. The mine itself is a wonder. It does its work with the swift flight of an electric streak that zig-zags across a bank of clouds in summer time, rendering the thunderous acclaim of its own success.

But it is in the driving of the wedge that the gain becomes loss. What thus far has been an immense success now turns to that which is worse than a failure. What is needed is that the wedge shall be driven with Grant's best sledge hammer promptly home. A mass of boasting black men, whose battle-cry of "No quarter!" comes as an echo from Fort Pillow, are sent under a leader unworthy of his uniform to accomplish what only the pick of the army could hope to do. A whole hour is given Mahone in which to throw himself into the breach. Lee's artillery is again manned and hotly begins to work. Poor devils of black men from shouting "No quarter," now shriek wild prayers for pity. Boasting becomes beseeching. The miserable wretches are bayoneted by friends and shot down by the foe. Without head or order the entrapped victims huddle close about the gap in the ground, seeking shelter behind heaps of upturned earth, and even shielding themselves vainly with the bodies of dead comrades. The crater is a death-trap. From many batteries, where lurid gleams come through shrouds of smoke, shot and shell are hailed incessantly, and what was a spot of triumph is now a slaughter-pen—a place of torn earth, soaked in

THE BLOOD OF FOUR THOUSAND MEN.

The Crater is the main object of interest on the lines of fortifications, and it is more frequently visited than Fort Steadman, Haskell, and Sedgwick, which lie within sight to the north and east. There are traces of Fort McGilver not far beyond Fort Steadman, and the outlines of the latter are just as distinctly marked. All the traverses have been removed, and all the covered ways destroyed, for Fort Hell, as the armies nicknamed the Steadman redoubt, is now a garden wherein truck is raised for the Petersburg market. A farm-house has been erected in the enclosure, and O. P. Hare now peacefully dwells where Gordon and havoc once swept along. Fort Haskell is in better preservation than any other of the Federal redoubts. Pine trees grow in and around the enclosure, and both the inner and outer works with a little use of the shovel could be made as formidable as in the days of death. Many of the oaks in the vicinity contain bullets, nor is it unusual to pick up rusty reminders of battle anywhere along the line from that point southward to Fort Sedgwick. Only half of that famous place of strength now remains. It was built across the Jerusalem road on two plantations. The part on Mr. Griger's farm was long ago leveled, and is now in corn, but the half on the east side of the road still stands. Mahone's Fort Damnation shows many remnants. Fort Davis is in good condition and Fort Pice has suffered little from the wear and tear.

In this way the curious visitor might follow the lines of defense and contravallation down to HATCHER'S RUN AND THE FIVE FORKS FIELD.

Wherever the land was cultivated before the war the works have been leveled, but where the lines passed through woods the works are very much as they were when abandoned. In the high and rolling lands the woods contain white oak, red oak, poplar, and hickory, but in the light, sandy soil grow pines, ash, elm, and buttonwood. At points where a link in the chain of fortifications is missing the line may be traced by the color of the sub-soil. Where the land is tilled most of the shells and bits of lead have been picked up, yet every rain washes out minie balls and grape on all the farms between the lines.

There is a delightful thing about Petersburg that never before has been mentioned in print. The city is bordered in its suburbs by a long belt of peach trees which, in the spring, turn myriad white blossoms out to the sun, and thus give a beautiful girdle to the place once trussed with bands of iron and cordons of steel. In that long and weary year of watchfulness the Southern soldiers were glad to get fruit, and the best things that came to them from the Carolinas were peaches, whereof the pink flesh was sweeter than honey-dew. The kernels were dropped upon the battle-ground; the army tramped sorely on to Appomattox; winter came again, and then from the trenches sprang fruit trees that have flourished to this day. Down in the sunny South there is a kind of peach that shows a white bud; elsewhere the blossom is touched with pink. All other peach trees around Petersburg have the pink flower, and the battle-field peach thus keeps its mark and proud distinction. So now, starting from the river at the north, Lee's line may be traced for six miles or more by the far-reaching orchard planted in blood.

The proportion of Irish soldiers in the British service is 22 to 23 in 100.

## THE TREACHEROUS SAVAGE.

CARR'S REPORT OF THE RECENT FIGHT.

A General Uprising in the Apache Country—Fighting in Arizona—Soldiers and Citizens Killed—Our Little Army Doing Its Level Best.

General Carr, commanding the troops in the Apache country, whose death was reported, sends the following to Major-General McDowell, from Fort Apache, under date of September 2, 8:30 p.m.:

Pursuant to orders from the commanding-general dated August 30, to arrest Indian Doctor Nockay Delkline as soon as practicable, and a formal request from agent, dated 14th, to arrest or kill him, or both, I first hoped to arrest him when he came to hold his dances and incantations here, but he did not keep his appointment. I then sent an Indian scout with a message that I wanted to see him. Sunday, August 28, I received an evasive answer from him, and next day marched with Troops D and E, Sixth Cavalry, and Company A, with scouts, the command numbering six officers and seventy-nine soldiers and twenty-three Indian scouts. I reached his village on the 30th and arrested the medicine man.

HE PROFESSED ENTIRE WILLINGNESS to come with me; said he would not try to escape and there would be no attempt at rescue; but as we were making camp our own scouts and many other Indians opened fire upon us and killed Captain Hentig first, and ran off the animals already turned out to graze. Medicine man was killed as soon as they commenced firing, and we drove them off after a severe fight, in which we lost Captain Hentig, who was shot in the back by our Indian scouts, as he turned to get his gun. Four privates were killed, one sergeant, and three privates were wounded; two mortally. After burying the dead I returned as rapidly as practicable, arriving on the 31st. Some of the Indians had preceded and killed eight men on the road to Thomas. Next morning they made a demonstration against this post.

AND ATTACKED IT in the afternoon, but were repulsed. Our total loss is: Killed—Captain E. C. Hentig, Sixth Cavalry; seven privates of Troop E, Sixth Cavalry; privates of Troop E, Sixth Cavalry; privates of Company D, Twelfth Infantry. Wounded—First Lieutenant C. G. Gordon, Sixth Cavalry, in the leg; one sergeant Troop E and one private Troop D, and forty-five horses and ten mules killed, wounded, and missing. The command behaved with the utmost coolness and gallantry, and encountered danger, hardship, and fatigue with the greatest cheerfulness, in spite of the sudden and most traitorous nature of the attack in the midst of camp.

THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS SPRANG to their arms and defeated the plan of the massacre, and subsequently held their post and are ready for further service. We require fifty-nine horses and ten pack-mules. The officers here are Major Cochran, Twelfth Infantry; Captain B. McGowan, commanding Company D, Twelfth Infantry; First Lieutenant C. G. Gordon, Sixth Cavalry, post quartermaster; William Stanton, commanding Troop E, who moved forward with the skirmishers and most handsomely cleared the savages out of the bushy bottom close to the camp; W. H. Carter, regimental quartermaster, Sixth Cavalry, adjutant and commanding Troop D after Captain Hentig's death; Second Lieutenant Thomas Cruise, commanding Company A, Cavalry, and of Howard's command, Troop Cavalry; Assistant Surgeon George Mc-

S. A., who, besides skillfully performing professional duties, used the carbine effectively.

MY YOUNG SON, Clark M. Carr, accompanied the expedition and deserves to have his name mentioned in the dispatch. There are forty-five civilians here who are assisting in the defense of the post, and I am rationing such as require it. I armed four prisoners, two of whom belong to the Ninth Cavalry. They fought bravely, and I shall recommend that their offense be pardoned. I am confident that the Indians have been preparing for this outbreak for six months. Cooley, who is here, says so; also Phipp, whose employee (Cullen) was killed. There have been only a few Indians around the post to-day.

### PLEURO-PNEUMONIA IN CATTLE.

The veterinary surgeon of the Department of Agriculture who was sent to England in June last by the United States Commissioner of Agriculture to investigate the question of pleuro-pneumonia among American cattle landed in Great Britain in connection with the Privy Council, has returned, and reports that upon his arrival in London, at his solicitation, an important meeting of the Privy Council was held, the lord president, Earl Spencer, presiding, and that the result of the examination and discussion of the subject which there took place has greatly tended to remove from the minds of the English authorities the strong impression they had formerly entertained as to the existence of contagious pleuro-pneumonia among the cattle at the West—a disease which, it hardly need be said, in this country at this time, only exists among a small percentage of the cattle kept in a narrow strip of country extending along the eastern seaboard from the neighborhood of New York city a short distance southward.